THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 3, 1792.

AUGUSTE *and* MADELAINE:

A REAL HISTORY.

[From Letters from France, by Miſs Helen Maria Williams.]

A Friend of mine, who is lately gone to Toulouſe, has ſent me from thence an account of ſome circumſtances which happened not long ago in that part of France, and which ſhe ſays are ſtill much the ſubject of converſation. I ſhall tranſcribe this narrative, which I believe will intereſt you. Perhaps a novel-writer, by the aid of a little additional miſery, and by giving the circumſtances, which actually happened, a heightened colour—by taking his pallet, and daſhing with the full glow of red what nature had only tinged with pale violet, might alſo ſpin a volume from theſe materials. Yet, after all, nothing is ſo affecting as ſimplicity, and nothing ſo forcible as truth. I ſhall therefore ſend the ſtory exactly as I received it; and in ſuch parts of it as want intereſt, I beg you will recollect that you are not reading a tale of fiction; and that in real life incidents are not always placed as they are in novels, ſo as to produce ſtage effect. In ſome parts of the narrative you will meet with a little romance; but perhaps you will wonder that you meet with no more; ſince the ſcene is not in the cold philoſophic climate of England, but in the warm regions of the ſouth of France, where the imagination is elevated, where the paſſions acquire extraordinary energy, and where the fire of poetry flaſhed from the harps of the Troubadours amid the ſullen gloom of the Gothic ages.

A young Frenchman, whose usual residence was at Paris, having travelled as far as Toulouse the year before the revolution, was invited by a party of his friends to accompany them to Bareges, where some of them were going in pursuit of amusement, and others in search of health from the medicinal springs which rise so plentifully, both in hot and cold streams, among the Pyrenean mountains.

The young Parisian, who had some taste for the sublime scenery of nature, felt that it would be luxury to leave a little longer the regular walks which art has planted in the Tuilleries, and the trim gardens and jets-d'eau she has formed at Versailles; to wander among those piles of mountains which overhang each other, and listen to the torrents which fall down them with loud and irresistible impetuosity.

> "Rich in her weeping country's spoils, Versailles
> May boast a thousand fountains, that can cast
> The tortur'd waters to the distant heav'ns:
> Yet let me choose some pine-topp'd precipice
> Abrupt and shaggy, whence a foamy stream,
> Like Anio, tumbling roars."—

What powerful sensations does the first view of such a scene produce!—We seem to begin a new existence—every former impression is for a while erased from the memory, and the mind feels enwrapped and lost in the strong emotions of awe, astonishment, and admiration.

Bareges was crowded, as it usually is in the season, not only with French company, but also with strangers, who travel from other countries, in order to use its celebrated baths. The company amused themselves, as they generally do at water-drinking places, by sauntering, lounging, cards, lotteries, jeux-d'ésprit, and scandal.

Bareges is a very expensive place. Even moderate accommodations must be purchased at a high rate; and provisions, as well as lodgings, are sometimes obtained with difficulty. Bareges is therefore seldom resorted to by any but people of considerable fortune, who can afford to level the obstacles which mountains interpose to their conveniences and comforts, by the all-subduing force of gold.

Among a number of persons of rank and fortune, there was however one family at Bareges in a different situation. This family consisted of an elderly infirm French officer, who had long been afflicted with the palsy, and his daughter, a young woman about nineteen years of age. Their appearance and

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mode of living ſeemed to indicate, that, though in ſearch of relief this old officer had journeyed to Bareges, he had in ſo doing far exceeded the bounds of economy which his circumſtances preſcribed, and was forced to deny himſelf every accommodation his infirmities could ſpare. He lived in the moſt retired manner, in the worſt lodging at Bareges; and, while the other ladies were dreſſed in a ſtyle of expenſive variety and profuſion, his daughter wore only a plain linen gown, which, though always perfectly clean, was coarſe; and her dark hair was left unpowdered and without any ornament whatever. Fortunately for Madelaine however (for that was her name) her perſon was calculated to make her coarſe gown appear to the beſt advantage; and though ſhe was not very beautiful, her countenance had an expreſſion of ſweetneſs which anſwered the end of beauty by exciting love and admiration.

The company at Bareges ſoon became acquainted with each other, and the ladies always took notice of Madelaine when they met her in their walks, which however did not happen very often, for her father was frequently unable to go out. When he did, he was ſupported on one ſide by Madelaine, and on the other by his ſervant. It was impoſſible to ſee with inſenſibility the attention which this intereſting young woman paid her father, whom ſhe never quitted one moment. It was remarked with what careful tenderneſs ſhe uſed to lead him along the ſtreet of Bareges, walking the ſloweſt pace ſhe could, and watching his ſteps as he moved feebly on. And when he was not able to venture out, ſhe was ſeen at the window of their little parlour reading in order to entertain him. Her looks and manner announced that her diſpoſition was naturally ſprightly, and that ſhe would have been gay, if her father had not been ſick. But all the cheerfulneſs ſhe could aſſume while he ſuffered, was exerted to amuſe him, and ſhorten the tedious hours of languor and debility.

Though Madelaine was handſome, the obſcurity and ſecluſion in which ſhe lived preſerved her from the envy of the women. They knew well enough that the gentlemen at Bareges were for the moſt part men of the world, who, though they may admire beauty, and approve of virtue, are never ſo far the dupes of any tender or moral ſentiment as to let it interfere either with their vanity, their ambition, or their intereſt. Although the French revolution had not yet happened, theſe ladies were aware that, with reſpect to marriage, the age of calculators was already come, and therefore no rival was to be feared in Madelaine. The ladies joined with the men in admiring the graces of

of her perſon, and the amiable qualities which her conduct diſplayed. Madelaine in ſhort became the object of general eſteem.

Auguſte, for ſo I call the young Pariſian, who has loſt his title ſince the laws of equality have been eſtabliſhed in his country—Auguſte ſpoke leſs of Madelaine than the other gentlemen at Bareges; but it was perhaps becauſe he thought of her more. Sometimes in his ſolitary morning rambles he uſed to make compariſons between her and the Pariſian ladies among whom he had paſſed the winter, and the compariſon generally ended with a deep ſigh. The ſcene of theſe meditations was certainly much in Madelaine's favour. Perhaps at Paris or Verſailles, Auguſte might have been dazzled by the poliſhed graces of a fine lady rouged, powdered, perfumed, and equipped for conqueſt. Theſe artificial attractions might perhaps have accorded well enough with clipped trees and angular walks.—But Madelaine's ſimple manners, Madelaine's natural ſmiles and unſtudied bluſhes were far more in uniſon with the Pyrenean mountains.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Copy of Mr. Secretary Dundas's Letter relative to the Payment of Seamen's Wages, a Copy of which has been ſent to all the Parochial Clergy of the Kingdom.

REV. SIR, *Navy Pay-Office, Aug. 1.*

IN compliance with an act paſſed laſt ſeſſion of Parliament, I beg to incloſe you an abſtract of all the acts now in force, relating to the payment of ſeamen and marines belonging to the royal navy.

Having frequently had occaſion, during the exerciſe of my office as Treaſurer of the Navy, to remark the difficulties which ſeamen, marines, and their reſpective heirs, experienced in recovering the wages to which they were entitled for their paſt ſervices; and having obſerved how liable they were to be impoſed upon by deſigning perſons, under the pretence of aſſiſting them to recover their property; I have been induced to ſubmit to the conſideration of Parliament a plan, as detailed in the three lateſt acts mentioned in the incloſed abſtract, which I truſt will fully meet the wiſhes of Government, by giving every poſſible aſſiſtance, encouragement, and protection, to ſeamen themſelves,

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in the firſt inſtance, and by extending the ſame care and protection to their families after their deceaſe.

By a peruſal of the incloſed, you will perceive that every ſeaman ſerving his Majeſty, has a right to remit home a certain proportion of his pay, for the ſupport of his family during his abſence; that upon his return from abroad, he is entitled to immediate payment for all his paſt ſervices;—that ſhould he, from infirmity, or bad health, be diſcharged as unfit for the naval ſervice, he is entitled to receive his allowances from the public at the firſt port in Great Britain or Ireland into which he may come, or from the neareſt revenue officer to his own pariſh. In caſe of his becoming, from length of ſervice, or infirmity, a penſioner to the Royal Hoſpital at Greenwich, you will alſo perceive that he may receive his penſion from that inſtitution, by bills to be drawn by the governors upon any revenue officer, whoſe reſidence he may point out as moſt convenient for him to apply for payment.

The benefit of theſe acts further extends, after the deceaſe of ſeamen, to their wives and families; a deſcription of people who, from their want of information and knowledge of buſineſs, are peculiarly liable to impoſition. To enable theſe to recover their property, nothing further is made neceſſary under theſe acts, than a plain letter to the Treaſurer of the Navy, ſtating their connection or relation to the deceaſed, and the nature of their expectations from his eſtate: in conſequence of this application, the neceſſary papers and vouchers are ſent from my office to be executed; and, as ſoon after as the proper ſteps for examination can be taken, and the juſtneſs of the claim is admitted, a bill is ſent for the clear balance due, payable by the revenue officer moſt convenient to the parties, without any fee or reward whatever.

I have thought it neceſſary to ſtate to you theſe advantages of the acts, that you may more diſtinctly perceive their tendency, and be the better qualified to diffuſe a knowledge of the benefit to be derived from them throughout your pariſh; that you may be enabled to call the attention of thoſe under your protection to remark, that while Government has connected puniſhments and forfeitures with neglect and diſobedience of orders, it is equally attentive to the comfort, convenience, and protection of thoſe who duly perform their duty; that it not only affords an ample reward to ſuch as enter into the ſervice of their country, but is careful that the benefit ſhould be enhanced by the eaſy manner in which ſuch reward is to be obtained, and by

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a due attention to the intereſt of their wives and families after their deceaſe.

I am, Rev. Sir, &c.

HENRY DUNDAS.

P. S. I beg you will be pleaſed to acknowledge the receipt of this letter; and that you will mention the name of the poſt-town neareſt to your pariſh.

Copy of the Manifeſto of their Majeſties the Emperor of Germany and the King of Pruſſia, againſt the French Revolution.

THEIR Majeſties the Emperor and the King of Pruſſia, in commencing a war, occaſioned by the moſt unjuſt and moſt deſpotic aggreſſion, and rendered neceſſary by the moſt imperious circumſtances, have ſucceſſively and ſeparately publiſhed the particular motives of their conduct. Animated, however, by a regard for the ſacred intereſts of humanity, their Imperial and Royal Majeſties, thinking it not ſufficient to have communicated to the different Courts of Europe the circumſtances which oblige them to have recourſe to arms, conſider it as of importance to their glory, and the happineſs of their faithful ſubjects, to enlighten all nations reſpecting the cauſes and effects of the late deplorable revolution in France; and, in a manifeſto, to lay open to the preſent generation, as well as to poſterity, their motives, their intentions, and the diſintereſtedneſs of their perſonal views.

Taking up arms for the purpoſe of maintaining ſocial and political order among all poliſhed nations, and to ſecure to each State its religion, happineſs, independence, territories, and real conſtitution, it is to be preſumed the uſe which their Imperial and Royal Majeſties are about to make, for the general ſafety of the forces committed by Providence to their diſpoſal, will conſole mankind, if poſſible, for the evils to which war has already expoſed them, and for that blood which the diſturbers of public tranquillity may yet cauſe to be ſhed. In this hope, their Majeſties have not heſitated to give to all nations, and to all individuals, the great example of forgetting, on the appearance of common danger, their ancient diviſions, and their private concerns, that they may attend only to the public good, in a criſis ſo important, of which no inſtance is to be found in hiſtory.

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They think, and with justice, that, on this occasion, all Empires and all States ought to be unanimous, and that all Sovereigns, becoming the firm guardians of the happiness of mankind, cannot fail to unite their efforts, in order to rescue a numerous nation from its own fury; to preserve Europe from the return of barbarity, and the universe from that subversion and anarchy with which it is threatened.

However celebrated the French revolution may unhappily have been, a manifesto against it ought to exhibit a true picture of it; and it is by facts alone that the public can be enabled to judge of this grand cause of all nations against faction and rebellion.

For four years past, Europe has viewed with attention, and beheld with increasing indignation, the revolution which has oppressed France, and which detains in captivity an august monarch, worthy of the love of his subjects, and entitled to the esteem, friendship, and support of all Sovereigns.

Since his accession to the throne, it is well known that his Most Christian Majesty has testified, in every possible manner, his affection for his subjects; his love of justice, his constant and sincere desire to establish order and œconomy in the administration of his finances, and his honesty towards the creditors of the nation. To make personal sacrifices was his highest enjoyment, and a desire of complying with public opinion has always determined him in the choice of his measures; continually employed in devising means for relieving his people, and for knowing and gratifying the public wishes, he has erred with them for them; obeyed the dictates of humanity rather than those of justice, and overlooked their faults, in hopes that they would repair them without rendering it necessary for him to have recourse to punishment: calumny itself has, however, always respected his intentions, and the most criminal audacious factions, while attacking his sovereign authority, and insulting his sacred person, struck by his private virtues, have neither been able, nor dared to deny them.

After trying, in vain, every method that occurred to him of promoting the welfare of his subjects, of discharging the public debt of the nation, unfortunate in his choice of measures, deceived in his hopes, and disappointed by various events, yet still firm in his benevolent intentions, and encouraged, though there was no occasion for his being so, by the Queen and all the Royal Family, incessantly to pursue the object of his wishes, the darling passion of his heart, the happiness of his people, Louis XVI. not finding the succour which he sought in the

Assembly

Aſſembly of the Notables, convoked the States General of the kingdom. He was deſirous of collecting around him, in the three orders of the monarchy, all his ſubjects, and to aſk themſelves by what means he could at length render them happy.—Scrupulous even in the form, and fearing to take any thing upon himſelf, he endeavoured to learn, in every manner poſſible, the public opinion reſpecting the calling together the States General; he found himſelf compelled, by circumſtances which his goodneſs and magnanimous candour could not avoid, to change, in this convocation, the ancient form followed by his predeceſſors *; he ſigned, without diſtruſt, orders, inſidiouſly and artfully drawn up, which endangered his ſovereign authority, tended to excite diſcord, and inſinuated diſobedience to his commands. Under theſe fatal auſpices, the States General met; and one of the beſt Kings that France can boaſt of, addreſſed to this auguſt but ſoon after criminal Aſſembly, theſe valuable words, which Sovereigns, who might have found them in their own ſentiments, ſtill take a pleaſure in repeating:

"Every thing that can be expected from the tendereſt intereſt in the happineſs of the public—every thing that can be required of a Sovereign, the beſt friend of his people, you may and ought to hope for from my ſentiments." †

Theſe memorable expreſſions, which might have recovered the moſt eſtranged hearts, and the moſt alienated minds, and which ought in a peculiar manner to have inſpired with the moſt lively gratitude, a people loaded with kindneſs by their King, were ſcarcely pronounced, when the ſignal of revolt was given on all ſides. One of the Three Orders, converting a momentary conceſſion into a right, and abuſing a double repreſentation, the object of which, on the part of the Monarch, was to increaſe his information, without increaſing its preponderance, wiſhed, by taking the lead, to ſwallow up the other two, and to bear them down by its weight. In vain did the laws of the monarchy, the authority of precedent, the nature of things, and the ſacred and impreſcriptible rights of each Order, oppoſe this ambitious, unjuſt, and illegal confuſion. The reſiſtance of the two firſt Orders was ſoon overcome, by turning againſt them their love for the King; oppoſing the danger of the monarch to that of the monarchy, and exciting a revolt, which

threatened

* Reſults of the Council of December 27, 1788. Letters of convocation addreſſed to the Grand Bailiffs.

† Speech of the King on opening the States-General, 5th of May, 1789.

threatened in an imminent degree the life of his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty. On the report of a danger, which the two firſt Orders might doubtleſs have deſpiſed, had it threatened only them, conſternation put an end to reaſoning—there was no longer room for deliberation—it was neceſſary to act. The nobility and clergy ruſhed into the Aſſembly, with the Third Eſtate, to ſave France from the moſt horrid of crimes; and from that moment the States-General, in *ceaſing to be free, ceaſed to exiſt.*

The monarchy was overturned by a mad and tumultuous Aſſembly; rebellious ſubjects, deputed towards the Sovereign to learn his deciſions, and to receive his laws, dared to dictate to him others, which in every reſpect were intolerable, and violently pulled down that throne which they were called to ſupport. They commenced their ſacrilegious uſurpation by violating the oath they took when they received their powers. They had the audacity to ſtyle themſelves—The National Conſtituent Aſſembly, as if they had poſſeſſed a right to conſtitute themſelves what they were not eſtabliſhed, and when they were only the deputies of the Aſſemblies of the Bailiwicks, the real repreſentatives of the nation. Perjured in reſpect to the oath of fidelity which they ſwore to their conſtituents; and ſubſtituting the individual will of their criminal majority to the imperative letter of their inſtructions, the national will, expreſſed in all the bailiwicks, they rendered all their ſubſequent operations abſolutely null, by making themſelves ſuperior to their powers, by rendering themſelves independent of them, and by aſſuming authorities to which they had no title: they treated France as a country not ſubject to a monarchical form of government, without monarch, and without laws, and leagued together to plunge it into all the errors of nations ſtill in a ſtate almoſt ſavage, and to form a government after the rude ſketches of infant ſtates, making their firſt advances towards civilization, and which at preſent would mark the laſt ſtage of their decline. Like all uſurpers, they flattered the people, in order that they might ſubject them to obedience; aſſigned to them a ſovereignty, with a view of converting it to their own purpoſes; ſpoke to them of the rights of man, while they were ſilent reſpecting their duty, and employing, according to the dictates of their turbulent and deſtructive ambition, the poinards of aſſaſſins, and the flames of revolt; and taking advantage of the prejudices and paſſions of the multitude, they ſucceſſively called to their aſſiſtance famine and abundance to incenſe the populace, that they might afterwards ſeduce and

govern them; and to add to the horror of their proceedings, they caused the virtuous monarch, who had convoked them, to be accused of those very crimes which they themselves had committed.

Alarmed at the dangers which surrounded him, and foreseeing the afflicting evils which were preparing for his people, his Most Christian Majesty in vain endeavoured to avert them. Concessions, rendered prudent by necessity,* and the urgency of circumstances, which were fully approved by the instructions of all the Bailiwicks, and consequently by all Frenchmen, increased that thirst for reigning with which the usurping Assembly was inflamed.

All France, deceived and misled by the most infamous impostures, was the same day instantly in arms.† The people imagined that they were taking them up to oppose robbers, and those robbers turned them against the King. From that moment the sovereign authority was annihilated; and the incontestible rights of the two first Orders‡ were sacrificed to nourish the destructive ardour of the conspirators.

The Orders were proscribed §; the King himself, and his brothers, deprived of that private patrimony which their ancestors had brought to the crown on their accession to the throne. The Parliaments, the Sovereign Courts, the States of the Provinces, and all the political bodies, almost as ancient as the monarchy, which in turns supported and moderated its power, which were securities to the people for the justice of the Monarch, and securities to the Monarch for the fidelity of his subjects, were buried under the ruins of the throne. Religion also was involved in the same general wreck. Its property was seized; its altars were overturned; its temples profaned, sold, or demolished; and its ministers, persecuted, and continually placed in such a situation, that they must either violate the dictates of their consciences, or submit to death, commit perjury, or suffer punishment, often resigned themselves as victims, in order that they might avoid the commission of a crime.

Thus attacking Heaven itself, an impious sect vilified all religions, under a pretence of toleration, and permitted all modes of worship in suffering them all to be oppressed, and offering equal violation to them all. In their room they substituted political irreligion, without comfort for the unfortunate, without

morality

* Declaration of the King, June 23, 1789.

† Declaration of the King, July 26, 1789.

‡ Of the 4th of August, and 22d of November, 1789.

§ Declaration of the King, November 5, 1789.

morality for the vicious, and without any check for crimes.—Nay, crimes themſelves were every where tolerated, encouraged, and rewarded. Inſurrection was conſecrated ‖ as the moſt ſacred duties. Solemn and public feſtivals were decreed in honour of the baſeſt and greateſt criminals ¶. Every ſpecies of villainy was permitted under the name of patriotiſm. France was inundated with blood—flames covered it with ruins—and ſtrangers beheld with horror and conſternation that country, whoſe laws, manners, politeneſs, proſperity, and, above all, its fidelity to its Kings, were ſo much boaſted of; and which, by a dreadful revolution, was ſuddenly converted into a land of diſcord, proſcription, exile, conflagration, and carnage, and where every violence was permitted with impunity. Inflamed with an inſatiable ardour of exerciſing this pretended ſovereignty of the people, each wiſhed to govern, and to divide the bloody remnants of the ſupreme authority.—Hence aroſe innumerable aſſemblies of electors, municipalities, cantons, diſtricts, and departments. Hence thoſe fatal artifices by which intrigue ſcandalouſly procured the moſt ſhameful elections; that general lottery of all places, all publick functions, of the epiſcopacy itſelf, and other church dignities, in which violence, deception, and deiſm, obtained almoſt the whole of the prizes. Hence ſocieties of conſpirators and enthuſiaſts, ſtifling and ſuppreſſing, by perſecution and popular puniſhment, the voice and opinion of honeſt men. Hence the galleries domineering over the uſurping Aſſembly, and the delirium of the Aſſembly itſelf, which thought it enjoyed authority, when it only ſervilely obeyed the impulſe of fanatics and mad men without doors, and was ſubjected to the fickle paſſions of the people.

In this general and ſyſtematic anarchy, created by the moſt execrable and profound art, thouſands of victims were ſacrificed in all quarters; and provinces and whole towns were given up without mercy to the moſt ſhocking barbarities.—Every one who was ſuſpected was conſigned to deſtruction; every one who was moderate was conſidered as criminal: All thoſe who had property to make them objects of plunder, were denounced as enemies of the public good:—and, in a word, amidſt accuſations commanded, ſolicited, and paid for; in the

‖ The principle propoſed by M. la Fayette, and adopted by the National Aſſembly.

¶ To the ſoldiers ſet at liberty from the galleys, and the aſſaſſins of Avignon, Niſmes, Arles, &c.

midst of Committees of Research, clubs, assemblies of all kinds, and national prisons, into which tyranny arbitrarily crowded faithful subjects, whom Judges, even chosen by the factious, could not condemn and dared not acquit; amidst the agitation of all passions, excited at the same time, virtue alone was a crime, established right was usurpation, and every one was a Sovereign, except the Sovereign himself.

The organ of the factious, the Mayor of Paris, had the impudence insolently to tell his King and master, *that the people had conquered him.* The people, indeed, detained their Monarch a captive in their kingdom, and his days perhaps would not have been prolonged but by the forced and salutary escape of one of his brothers, and Princes of the blood.

(To be continued.)

The History of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Prussia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(Concluded from Page 212.)

ON the 22d of March I departed from Berlin, and pursued my journey to Königsberg, but remained two days at the Court of the Margrave of Brandenburgh Schwedt, where I was received with kindness and esteem. The Margrave had bestowed favours on me, during my imprisonment at Magdeburg.

I departed thence through Soldin to Schildberg, there to visit my relation Sidau, who had married the daughter my sister had by her first husband, Waldow, of whom I have so often spoken in my first volume. I found my kinsman a worthy and honourable man, and one who made the daughter of an unfortunate sister happy. I was received at his house with open arms; and, for the first time during an interval of 42 years, beheld one of my own relations.

On my journey thither, I had the unexpected pleasure to meet with Lieutenant-General Kowalsky. This good gentleman was a Lieutenant in the garison of Glatz, in the year 1746, and was an ocular witness when I leaped from the wall

of

of the rampart. He had read my hiſtory, with ſome of the principal facts of, which he was previouſly acquainted. Should any one, therefore, doubt concerning thoſe incidents which I have related, of my eſcape from Glatz, and which, becauſe of the difficulties attending their execution, have been, by ſome, incapable themſelves of a like enterprize, ſuppoſed incredible, I may refer them to him, whoſe teſtimony cannot be ſuſpected.

From Schildberg I proceeded to Landſberg, on the Warta. Here I found my brother-in-law, Colonel Pape, commander of the Gotz dragoons, and the ſecond huſband of my deceaſed ſiſter; and here I paſſed a happy and a joyous day. Every body congratulated me on my glorious return into my country, and offered up their ardent prayers for my future felicity.

I found relations in almoſt every garriſon, and was almoſt every where detained. Never did man receive more honourable marks of eſteem throughout a kingdom. The general knowledge of my unmerited calamities procured me this ſweet conſolation; and I were inſenſible indeed, and ungrateful, did my heart remain unmoved on occaſions like theſe.

I continued my journey, and arrived, on the 4th of April, at Königſberg, where my brother impatiently expected my arrival. We embraced as brothers muſt, after an abſence of two and forty years. Of all my brothers and ſiſters I had left in this city, he only remained. He lived a retired and peaceable life on his own eſtates, fulfilling all the duties of a man. He had no children living. I continued a fortnight in company with him, and his worthy wife, at Königſberg, with infinite ſatisfaction of heart, and afterward went with him to his country ſeat, where I ſtayed ſix weeks.

Happy days! Numbered among the moſt happy of my life! In the midſt of relations, nephews, nephews' children, couſins and kinſmen of all degrees, who came to compliment me on my return to reviſit the place of my nativity, I imagined myſelf the father of the family: I enjoyed that happineſs which a ſire enjoys, whoſe name is one of the moſt reſpectable of the land, and who is related by ties of blood, to moſt of the neighbouring families. Man, at a certain time of life, is no where ſo happy as at home, eſpecially if, like me, he has wandered into foreign lands, ſeen their manners and cuſtoms, and been received by their inhabitants with cordiality and friendſhip.

Here for the firſt time, I learnt what had happened to my relations, during my abſence. The wrath of the great Frederic extended itſelf to all my family. My ſecond brother was an Enſign in the regiment of cuiraſſiers at Kiow, in the year 1746, when

when I first incurred disgrace from the King. Six years he served, fought three battles, but, because his name was Trenck, never was promoted. Weary of expectation, he at length married, and lived on his estate at Meicken, where he died, about three years ago, and left two sons, who are an honour to the family of the Trencks.

Common fame spoke him a person capable of rendering the state essential service, as a military man, for the soldier's profession was his choice; but he was my brother, and the King would never suffer his name to be mentioned.

My youngest brother applied himself to the sciences; it was proposed that he should receive some civil employment, as an intelligent and well-informed man: but the King answered, in the margin of the petition,

"No Trenck is good for any thing."

Thus has all my family suffered because of my unjust condemnation. My last-mentioned brother chose the life of a private man, and lived at his ease, in estimation and independence, among the first people of the kingdom.

The hatred of the monarch extended itself to my sister, who had married the son of General Waldow, and lived in widowhood from the year 1749, to her second marriage. The misfortunes of this excellent woman, in consequence of the treachery of Weingarten, and the aid she sent to me in my prison at Magdeburg, I have before related. She was possessed of the fine estate of Hammer, near Landsberg on the Warta.—The Russian army changed the whole face of the country, and laid it desert. She fled, with what effects she could collect, to Custrin, where every thing likewise was burnt and destroyed during the siege. The Prussian army itself demolished the fine forests.

After the war, the King assisted all the ruined families of Brandenburg; she alone obtained nothing, because she was my sister. She petitioned the King, who replied she must seek for redress from her dear brother.

She died, in the flower of her age, a short time after she had married her second husband, the present Colonel Pape: her son, also, died last year. He was Captain in the regiment of the Gotz dragoons.

Thus were all my brothers and sisters punished because they were mine. Who is he that shall afford retribution for so many tragical events? Could it ever be believed that the great Frederic, like the great Zabaoth, would revenge himself on the

children?

children? Was it not sufficient that he should wreak his wrath on my head alone? Why has the name of Trenck been hateful to him, to the very hour of his death? This must ever remain an incomprehensible enigma.

I never would basely kiss the foot that spurned me. When innocent, I sought to avoid being spurned, and know myself guilty of no other crime.

One Derschau, Captain of Horse, and uterine brother of my mother, secretly addressed himself to the King, in 1753, alleged he was my nearest relation, and feudal heir, and petitioned that would bestow on him my confiscated estate of Great Scharlack.

The King demanded that the necessary proofs should be sent from the chamber at Königsberg. He was informed that I had two brothers living, that Great Scharlack was an ancient family inheritance, and that it appertained to my brothers, and not to Derschau.

My brothers then announced themselves as the immediate successors to this fief, and the King bestowed on them the estate of Great Scharlack, conformable to the feudal laws. That it might be properly divided, it was put up to auction, and bought by the youngest of my brothers, who paid the surplus to the other, and to my sister. He, likewise, paid debts, charged upon it according to the express orders of the Court. The persons, who called themselves my creditors, were impostors, for I had no creditors; I was but nineteen when my estates were confiscated, consequently was not of age. By what right, therefore, could such debts be demanded, or paid? Let them explain this who can. Any man might say whatever he pleased, for I was not present to contradict.

The same thing happened, when an account was given in to the Fiscus of the guardianship, although I acknowledge my guardians were men of probity. One of them, however, was eight years in possession, and, when he gave it up to my brothers, he did not account with them for a single shilling.

I have at this moment occasion to add, now when this volume is completed, that I was received with esteem and honour in my country, superior to all that can be imagined, by those who have not themselves been witnesses of this reception. Content and happy, I journey back to Austria. The good King has done me justice, and heaped favours on me; I have received my confiscated estates, and am in hourly expectation of the rents of which I have been forty years deprived.

More

More I sought not; posts of honour I cannot there accept. Nobody shall accuse me in my old age of being selfish, or living detrimental to that state of which I have now been six and thirty years a subject, although it has most shamefully maltreated me, and continues still to repay me with ingratitude. I leave behind me a gracious monarch, who knows my heart; I leave the best of reputations, innocence undoubted, and am convinced the Prussians love me, and will be the friends of my children.

The object of my journey is accomplished; I can now, in the decline of life, enjoy honour and ease, and as a good man should, can meet death with a smile.

Account of a Method of generating Yeast; in a Letter to Mr. Moore, from the Rev. William Mason, of Aston, near Rotheram.

[From the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce.]

LAST spring I requested a friend to enquire of you some particulars concerning the premium which the society had offered on the production of yeast, of which you obligingly gave him full information. As I found November was the month in which the matter was to be decided, I deferred troubling you any more till I had caused an experiment to be repeatedly tried, which a domestic of mine, who brews for me, at that time first made.

I had just before, with his assistance, impregnated wort with fixed air, or rather a decoction of malt in water, according to Dr. Henry's ingenious method, mentioned in the memoirs of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, and by the yeast thereby obtained good bread. This led him, unknown to me, to try whether the experiment would not succeed full as well without fixed air, which he found it did. He accordingly brought me a small vessel with a full head of yeast upon it, assuring me, with some degree of exultation, that neither oil of vitrol with chalk, nor any portion of old yeast, had been employed on the occasion. This greatly surprised me; and I then desired he would proceed with the experiment in his own way, and endeavour to increase the quantity already made, by what additional decoction of malt and water he might think proper; insisting only that nothing but malt, water, and heat, should be

employed

employed for the purpofe. He did fo, and in a few days increafed the original quantity till it became fufficient to work a hogfhead of fmall beer, which produced ten pounds weight of perfect yeaft; and this, being foon after put on a vat for a hogfhead of ale, was found to be augmented to 42 pounds.

The difcovery therefore is fimply this: that yeaft is not (as has, I believe, been hitherto thought) fome peculiar and unknown fubftance, neceffary to be added to wort, in order to put it into a fermenting ftate; but that malt boiled in water will generate it (as the chemifts fay) *per fe*, if the following circumftances be attended to.

1ft, That the procefs be begun with a fmall quantity of the decoction.

2dly, That it be kept in an equal degree of heat: And,

3dly, That, when the fermentation is begun, it fhould be affifted and augmented with frefh decoctions of the fame liquor.

The proportions and method which my fervant has found generally to fucceed, I will now give you, as taken from his own words, in the form of a recipe.

'Procure three earthern or wooden veffels, of different fizes or apertures; one capable of holding two quarts, the other three or four, and the third five or fix: boil a quarter of a peck of malt, for about eight or ten minutes, in three pints of water; and when a quart is poured off from the grains, let it ftand in a cool place, till not quite cold, but retaining that degree of heat which the brewers ufually find to be proper when they begin to work the liquor. Then remove the veffel into fome warm fituation near the fire, where the thermometer ftands between 70 and 80 degrees [Fahrenheit], and there let it remain till the fermentation begins, which will be plainly perceived within 30 hours; add then two quarts more of a like decoction of malt, when cool as the firft was; and mix the whole in the larger-fized veffel, and ftir it well in, which muft be repeated in the ufual way, as it rifes in a common vat; then add a ftill greater quantity of the fame decoction, to be worked in the largeft veffel, which will produce yeaft enough for a brewing of 40 gallons.

According to my promife, I write to inform you of the refult of fome more experiments which have been made here, under my direction, relative to yeaft; and the rather, becaufe they were made by means of a very fimple apparatus, which I think will be found very convenient on fhip-board, and alfo in cottages, &c. It is merely a wooden box, of about twelve or

 fourteen

fourteen inches ſquare, open on one ſide, in which a veſſel containing the wort is placed; and then the box is ſet with the open ſide cloſe to a wall, heated by a fire on the other ſide, when the thermometer indicates the wall to be about 80; ſo that I imagine the back of a chimney in a ſhip, or behind an oven or kitchen fire in a cottage, would be found very convenient for the proceſs; as the veſſel might be there ſurrounded with a ſmall atmoſphere of air, ſufficiently warm at the firſt, and capable of being continued at the ſame equable temperature for a ſufficient time.

A box of this kind, in which the following experiments were made, was placed on a dreſſer in my kitchen, more than eighteen feet from the kitchen fire, but againſt a thin wall, which divides the kitchen from the ſervants' hall, juſt behind the fire-place of that room; and the open ſide of the box turned to the heated wall, the veſſels themſelves uncovered. If you recollect the trouble you ſo obligingly took in heating your office, you will think this method, ſince diſcovered, of performing the ſame experiment, of conſiderable utility.

Experiment 1ſt. Three veſſels were ſet at the ſame time in the warm box, containing a quart of liquor each, and of equal ſtrength with reſpect to malt; one was a decoction without hops, the other a ſimple infuſion of malt; in about 24 hours the hopped decoction produced a fine head of yeaſt; the other decoction fermented as well, but was 24 hours later, and the yeaſt appeared dark and ill-coloured, ſo that my houſe-keeper thought it ſpoiled; but this bad appearance was merely owing to its not having been boiled and cleared, for it made very light breakfaſt rolls.

This experiment, you will perceive, was made to try whether hops (as my ſervant imagined) were neceſſary, and it certainly proves that they accelerate the fermentation; but it proves alſo, that neither hops nor boiling are eſſential to the proceſs.

Experiment 2d. Four veſſels, from a common brewing of ale, were placed in a box of longer dimenſions; one contained two quarts; a ſecond, one; a third, a pint; a fourth, half a pint; they all ſhewed ſigns of fermentation at the ſame time, viz. in about 24 hours; but that in the mug or pot holding a pint appeared the ſtrongeſt, which my ſervant thought was owing to the ſmaller diameter of the veſſel, which was ſmaller in proportion to the half pint; but as it ſtood more centrally to the heat of the fire behind, I am perſuaded the exceſs of fermentation proceeded from that cauſe. This proves that the quantity you begin the proceſs with is not very material, though

two

two quarts ſeem to be moſt convenient for the purpoſe of baking.

Experiment 3d was inſtituted merely to find whether an addition of ſugar would accelerate the fermentation; for which purpoſe, two quarts of hopped liquor were tried in ſeparate veſſels, a quart in each; and the reſult was, that the decoction, in which two large ſpoonfuls of coarſe ſugar were ſtirred in, did not ferment in the leaſt, though continued in the warm box five days and nights; the other fermented in about 36 hours.— The reaſon of this later fermentation than of that in the former experiments, was, that the liquor uſed was from a brewing of ſmall beer. Hence we may conclude, that a decoction of the ſtrength of ale, if not of ſtrong beer, is the beſt to begin to make the experiment with.

I cannot myſelf think of any other experiments that may tend to elucidate the matter further; but if you pleaſe to propoſe any, I can with much eaſe make them, eſpecially at this brewing ſeaſon [though theſe I have already made are of a month's ſtanding], and ſhall with great pleaſure ſend you the reſult.

Curious Inſcription, to be ſeen on the Walls of the Bridewell, at Rocheſter.

RICHARD WATTS, Eſq.
By his will, dated Auguſt 23, 1579,
Founded this Charity,
Six poor Travellers, who, not being
Rogues or Lawyers,
May receive, *gratis*, for one Night,
Lodging, Entertainment, and Four-pence each.
In Teſtimony of his Munificence,
In Honour to his Memory,
And Inducement to his Example,
NATHANIEL WOOD, Eſq. the preſent Mayor,
Has rais'd this Stone,
Gratefully to be Renewed and Inſcribed,
A. D. 1771.
The Mayor and Citizens of this City, and Dean and
Chapter, Church Wardens, and Commonalty
Of the New Bridge, are
To ſee this Executed for Ever.

Answer, by J. Bulgin, of Castle Cary, to the Enigmatical Charade, inserted June 18.

ACCEPT, dear Anna, my request,
And hear my humble pray'r;
And take the SNOW-DROP to your breast,
But keep it with great care.

But if by chance you should refuse,
To let it near you shine;
Resign your love to me, my dear,
And let your heart be mine.

‖*‖ We have received the like answer from W. H. of Dean Prior; T. T. S. Juba, and H. Cross, of Exeter; Eremita, Weston Zoyland; A. Apsey, Taunton; T. Furse, of Mevagissey; J. Hadley, Castle Cary; J. Collins, Uffculm; Sancho, Totnes; S. Hill, near Dawlish; J. Ralph, Wellington; T. Gill junior, of Stythians; Alphonso, of St. Austell; R. Hawkey, Creed; T. Walker, Hemyock; and P. Lyttleton, of Lanlivery.

A QUESTION, *by Fidelio, of Bath.*

REQUIRED the difference between the areas of a regular polygon of 100 sides, and its circumscribing circle, the side of the polygon being = 6.

An ENIGMA, *by J. K. C. near Wells.*

COME, Britons, awhile, cease the joy-beaming smile,
And give ear to our heart-breaking story;
And with truth I'll relate the unfortunate fate,
That tempts us to lay it before ye.

In Britain we dwell, which is known very well,
By the service we render the nation;
Whose gen'rous zeal is to pilfer and steal,
And convert us to folly and fashion.

And that you may see, in a greater degree,
How unmerited is this abuse;
We'll prove to your face a more innocent race,
The whole world never yet did produce.

Not

Not ſo much as a lie, Sirs, between you and I,
  Was e'er known to eſcape from our lips;
And tho' honeſt and true, in all we ſay or do,
  Yet, Gods, how they'll beat us with whips.

'Tis ſtrange to relate, tho' we ſerve ſmall and great,
  We no favours from either can gain;
For ſuch is their rage, that they often engage,
  And our young ones are taken and ſlain.

And then how they'll grin when we're ſtripp'd to the ſkin,
  And turn'd out to weather the ſtorm;
While we, cringing and poor, ſhake like dogs at a door,
  Tho' perhaps have not done the leaſt harm.

You'll own that its hard to reap ſuch a reward,
  For the favours we willingly grant;
Yet, like miſerly elves, they love none but themſelves,
  And will have of us juſt what they want.

This then is our lot: But I'd almoſt forgot
  To remark how much worſe they will treat us,
When our labour is done, and our ſtrength is all gone,
  Why to make us amends, Sirs, they'll eat us.

‡ *A. Coade, of St. Auſtle, declares that the Poetry of the Charade on the Word* Ravenſpur *was the Production of S. Drewe, the intimate Friend of R. Dugger; and that the only Part that R. Dugger can claim as his own is the ſimple Diſcovery of the Word, which he communicated to S. Drewe, who made the Charade.—R. Viddecombe, of St. Auſtle, alſo affirms the ſame; and he adds, that the Letter ſent by R. Dugger in Vindication of himſelf, and the Enigma on Pride, ſent with the Letter, were neither of them really written by R. Dugger.—An anonymous Correſpondent, who dates his Letter from the ſame Place, ſtrenuouſly joins in aſſerting, that R. Dugger wiſhes to ſhine in borrowed Plumes.—On the other Hand, J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtle, inſiſts that R. Dugger was really the Author of the Charade.*

§ *The Elegy on the Death of a Lady of Exeter, aged 92, and the Ode on the Author's Birth-Day, are much too incorrect for Inſertion.*

‡‖‡ *Our Correſpondents who ſend Queſtions, Enigmas, Charades, Rebuſſes, or Anagrams, are requeſted to ſend with them their genuine Solutions, as otherwiſe they cannot be inſerted.*

POETRY.

POETRY.

STANZAS to HOPE.

DESPAIR, begone! on whirlwinds' wings go forth!
  Seek thy curs'd mansion on the desert shore,
Or dreary caverns of the frozen north:
  To Hope I turn, nor dread thy influence more.

Ah, nymph! to thee at length I tune the strain,
  Unheard before, and breathe my tardy vow:
But how thy aid propitious shall I gain?
  How at thy shrine successful shall I bow?

Canst thou vouchsafe to yield thy ready ear
  To him, who at thy altar lowly bends;
Or canst thou deign to hear a soberer prayer
  Than what in common to thy presence tends?

I ask no air-built castles' tower'd height,
  Nor splendid domes, nor grandeur's pageant state;
To which Ambition strains her aching sight,
  And idly holds her giddy head elate;

I ask not Pleasure's soft voluptuous bowers,
  The joys of Bacchus, nor the couch of ease;
Nor Wit's keen edge, nor soft Persuasion's powers—
  Those envied gifts let others freely seize.

From that low vale no wish of mine e'er strays,
  Where, while the hours on downy pinions move,
With Competence, Contentment sportive plays,
  And Innocence and Health delight to rove.

Where, as the sun his race diurnal ends,
  Its cares aside the festive hamlet lays;
And while its rustic sports the swain attends,
  His fair-one's smile the day's past toil o'erpays.

The

The hoary ſires, in ſocial converſe gay,
  Recal the times when they themſelves were young;
And pleas'd their childrens' ſportive games ſurvey—
  Emblems of better ages, paſt and gone.

The joyous infants gambol o'er the plain,
  Their mother ſeated on the daiſied ground;
Till night begins her not unwelcome reign,
  And all is peace and happineſs around!

There, on ſome tufted hillock's ſunny ſide,
  Let my neat cot riſe near the village green;
And a clear ſtream, meand'ring taught to glide,
  Throws its ſoft murmurs o'er the ſmiling ſcene!

Thence may I (ſafe amid this artleſs band)
  Look down upon the world's tumultuous throng;
And, when no higher cares my thoughts demand,
  Thus ſooth my leiſure with an idle ſong.

MOSCHUS.

STANZAS, *written in a* HAUNTED ROOM.

IF from the cerements of the ſilent dead
  Our long-departed friends could riſe anew;
Why feel a horror, or conceive a dread,
  To ſee again thoſe friends whom once we knew?

Father of All! thou gav'ſt not to our ken,
  To view beyond the aſhes of the grave;
'Tis not the idle tales of buſy men
  That can the mind appal.—The truly brave,
Seated on Reaſon's adamantine throne
Can place the ſoul, and fears no ills unknown.

Oh! if the flinty priſon of the grave,
  Could looſe its doors, and let the ſpirit flee,
Why not return the wiſe, the juſt, the brave,
  And ſet, once more, the pride of ages free?
Why not reſtore a Socrates again?
Or give thee, Newton, as the firſt of men?

In this lone room, where now I patient wait,
  To try if ſouls departed can appear,

Oh!

Oh! could a Burgh eſcape his priſon gate,
Or could I think Latouche's form was near,
Why fear to view the ſhades which long muſt be
Sacred to Freedom and to Charity?

A little onward in the path of life,
And all muſt ſtretch in death their mortal frame;
A few ſhort ſtruggles end the weary ſtrife,
And blot the frail memorial of our name:
Torn from the promontory's lofty brow,
In time the rooted oak itſelf lies low.

Copy of an Inſcription in Frome Church-yard in Memory of Mary Debnam, a faithful Domeſtic, who died on the 3d of March, 1778, *aged* 70.

THE woman once, whoſe aſhes here remain
Spent a long life in toil—nor ſpent in vain.
A grateful ſervant, and a faithful friend,
Whoſe generous mind ne'er knew a private end:
What others ſtill from fear or intereſt prove
She was, and more from principle and love.
By kindneſs won, but ſhe could never be
By kindneſs tempted from humility.
Age could not force her from her cares to part,
It ſhook her ſtrength, but could not change her heart.
Againſt diſeaſe the combat long ſhe tried,
And when ſhe ceas'd to ſerve—ſhe willing died.
Yet bleſt, in knowing ſtill her faith approv'd,
And bleſt in being mourn'd by thoſe ſhe lov'd:
Bleſt too in this, that all will deem the tear,
And all the praiſe, that deck her tomb ſincere.
In this ſupremely bleſt, that tho' her worth
Met not the fading honours of the earth,
Immortal glory it will meet that day,
When pride, and pomp, and power, ſhall fade away.

Lines occaſioned by hearing ſome wretched Bell-ringing.

WHILST with your din our ears you wound,
The extended ropes produce the brazen ſound;
Oh! would theſe ropes your hateful fingers leave,
And to your necks, as well ye merit, cleave.